THE WIFE OF BEITH,

Reformed and Corrected.

Giving an account of her Death, and of her Journey to Heaven; how, on the Road, she fell in with Judas, who led her to the Gate of Hell, and what converſation she had with the Devil, who would not let her in: Alſo, how at laſt she got to Heaven, and the Difficulties she encountered before she got admittance there.

The whole being an allegorical DIALOGUE, containing nothing but that which is recorded in Scripture for our example.

BRITISH MUSEUM

GLASGOW,
PRINTED BY J. AND M. ROBERTSON.
MDCCXCII.

TO THE READER.

COurteous Reader, what was Papal or Heretical, in the former Copy, is left out in this Edition: for there is nothing that can offend the wiſe and judicious, not being taken up in a literal ſenſe, but by way of allegory and myſtical, which thus may edify.

The whole Dialogue is nothing but that which is recorded in ſcripture for our example, wherefore I appeal from the cenſorious, and capricious critics, who ſtart at ſtraws and leap over blocks; and whoſe nature is, with the Waſp, to ſuck nothing but venom out of the ſweeteſt flowers; Unto the judicious and wiſe, who can regiſtrate virtue with the point of a diamond, into the rock of eternal memory, and vice into oblivion ſand; and whoſe genius is, with the Bee, to extract honey out of the bittereſt flower.

Therefore, the one may read and be edified, the other read and be offended: let dogs bark what they will, the morn is ſtill the ſame: Farewel.

THE

THE WIFE OF BEITH.

IN Beith, once dwelt a worthy wife,
Of whom brave Chaucer mention makes:
She lived a licentious life,
And namely in venereal acts:
But death did come, for all her cracks,
When years were ſpent and days out-driven,
Then ſuddenly ſhe ſickneſs takes,
Deceaſt forthwith, and went to heaven.
But as ſhe went upon the way,
There follow'd her a certain guide;
And kindly to her he did ſay,
Where mean you dame for to abide.
I know you are the Wife of Beith,
And would not then that you go wrong,
For I'm your friend and will be leath,
That you go through this narrow throng.
This way is broader; go with me,
And very pleaſant is the way:
I'll bring you there, where you would be,
Go with me friend, ſay me not nay.
She looked on him and did ſpeer,
I pray you, Sir, what is your name!
Show me the way how you came here,
To tell to me it is no ſhame.
Is that a favour 'bout your neck?
And what is that upon your ſide?
Is it a bag, or ſilver ſack?
What are you then? Where do you bide?

I was

I was a ſervant unto Chriſt,
And Judas likewiſe is my name.
I knew you by your colours firſt,
Forſooth indeed you are to blame;
Your maſter did you not betray?
And hang yourſelf when you had done?
Where'er you bide I will not ſtay;
Go then, you knave, let me alone.
Whate'er I be, I'll be your guide,
Becauſe you know not well the way;
Will ye but once in me confide,
I'll do all friendſhip that I may.
What would you me? Where do you dwell?
I have no will to go with thee;
I fear it is ſome lower cell,
I pray thee therefore let me be.
This is a ſtormy night and cold,
I'll bring you to a warm inn:
Will ye go foreward and be bold,
And mend your pace till ye win in.
I fear your inn will be too warm,
For too much hotneſs is not beſt;
Such hotneſs there may do me harm,
And keep me that I do not reſt:
I know your way, it is to hell,
For you are none of the eleven;
Go haſte you then into your cell,
My way is only unto heaven.
That way is by the gates of hell,
If you intend there for to go,
Go dame, I will not you compel,
But I with you will go alſo.

Then

Then down they went a right ſteep hill,
Where ſmoke and darkneſs did abound,
And pitch and ſulphur burned ſtill,
With yells and cries, hills did rebound.
The fiend himſelf came to the gate,
And aſked him where he had been;
Do ye not know and have forgot,
Seeking this wife could not be ſeen.
Good dame, he ſaid, Would you be here,
I pray you then tell me your name,
The Wife of Beith, ſince that you ſpeer,
But to come in I were to blame.
I will not have you here good dame,
For you are miſtreſs of the flyting,
If once within this gate you come,
I will be troubled with your biting;
Cummer, go back, and let me be,
Here are too many of your rout;
For women lewd like unto thee,
I cannot turn my foot about.
Sir Thief, I ſay, I ſhall bide out,
But goſſip thou waſt ne'er to me:
For to come in, I'm not ſo ſtout,
And of my biting thou'ſt be free:
But Lucifer what's that on thee?
Haſt thou no water in this place?
Thou look'ſt ſo black it ſeems to me,
Thou ne'er doſt waſh thy ugly face.
If we had water here to drink,
We would not care for waſhing then;
Into thoſe flames and filthy ſtink,
We burn with fire unto the doom,

Upbraid me then, goodwife, no more,
For, firſt when I heard of thy name,
I knew thou hadſt ſuch words in ſtore,
Would make the devil to think ſhame.
Forſooth, Sir Thief, you are to blame,
If I had time now to abide,
Once you were well but may think ſhame,
That loſt heaven for rebellious pride;
Who traitor-like fell with the reſt,
Becauſe you would not be content,
And now of bleſs are diſpoſſeſt,
Without all grace for to repent,
Thou mad'ſt poor Eve long ſince conſent,
To eat of the forbidden tree;
(Which we her daughters may repent,)
And made us almoſt like to thee:
But God be bleſt, who paſs'd thee by,
And did a Saviour provide:
For Adam's whole poſterity,
All thoſe who do in him confide.
Adieu, falſe fiend, I may not bide,
With thee I may no longer ſtay,
My God, in death, he was my guide,
O'er hell I'll get the victory.
Then up the hill the poor wife went,
Oppreſt with ſtinking flames and fear,
Weeping right ſore, with great relent,
For to go elſe ſhe wiſt not where:
A narrow way, with thorns and briers,
And full of mires was her before;
She ſighed oft with ſobs and tears,
The poor wife's heart was wondrous ſore;

Tir'd and torn ſhe went on ſtill,
Sometimes ſhe ſat and ſometimes fell,
Ay till ſhe came to a high hill,
And then ſhe looked back to hell.
When ſhe had climbed up the hill,
Before her was a goodly plain;
Where ſhe did reſt and weep her fill,
Then roſe and to her feet again,
Her heart was glad, the way was good,
Up to the hill ſhe hy'd with haſte,
The flowers were fair whereon ſhe ſtood,
The fields were pleaſant to her taſte.
Then ſhe beheld Jeruſalem,
On Sion's mount where that it ſtood;
Shining with gold, bright as the ſun,
Her ſilly ſoul was very glad,
The ports, of orient pearls bright,
Were very glorious to behold,
The precious ſtones gave a clear light,
The walls were of tranſparent gold;
High were the walls, the gates were ſhut,
And long ſhe ſought for to be in;
But then for fear of biding out,
She knocked hard and made ſome din.
To knock and cry ſhe did not ſpare,
Till father Adam did her hear:
Who is't that raps ſo rudely there,
Heaven cannot well be won by weir.
The wife of Beith ſince that you ſpeer,
Hath ſtood theſe two hours at the gate:
Go back, quoth he, thou muſt forbear,
Here may no ſinners entrance get.

Adam, quoth ſhe, I ſhall be in,
In ſpite of all ſuch churles as thee;
Thou'rt the original of all ſin,
For eating of the forbidden tree;
For which thou art not flyting free;
But for thy foul offences fled.
Adam went back and let her be,
Looking as if his noſe had bled.
Then mother Eve did at him ſpeer,
Who was it there, that made ſuch din?
He ſaid, a woman would be here,
For me I durſt not let her in.
I'll go, ſaid ſhe, and aſk her will,
Her company I would have fain.
But ay ſhe cried, and knocked ſtill,
And in no ways ſhe would refrain.
Daughter, ſaid Eve, you will do well,
To come again another time?
Heaven is not won by ſword nor ſteel,
Nor none's that guilty of a crime.
Mother, ſaid ſhe, the fault is thine,
That knocking here ſo long I ſtand;
Thy guilt is more than that of mine,
If thou wilt rightly underſtand,
Thou waſt the cauſe of all our ſin,
Wherein we were born and conceiv'd,
Our miſery thou didſt begin,
By thee thy huſband was deceiv'd.
Eve went back where Noah was,
And told him all how ſhe was blam'd,
Of her great ſin and firſt treſpaſs,
Whereof ſhe was ſo much aſham'd.

Then

Then Noah ſaid, I will go down,
And will forbid her that ſhe knock;
Go back, he ſaid, ye drunken lown,
You're none of the celeſtial flock.
Noah, ſhe ſaid, hold thou thy peace,
Where I drank ale, thou didſt drink wine,
Diſcover'd was to thy diſgrace,
When thou waſt drunken like a ſwine:
If I did drink, I learn'd at thee,
For thou'rt the Father and the firſt,
That others taught and likewiſe me,
To drink altho' we had no thirſt.
Then Noah turned back with ſpeed,
And told the Patriarch Abra'am then:
How that the carling made him dread,
And how ſhe all his deeds did ken.
Abra'am then ſaid, Now get you gone,
Let us no more hear of your din;
No lying wife as I ſuppone,
May enter here theſe gates within.
Abra'am, ſhe ſaid, will ye but ſpare,
I hope you are not flyting free;
You of yourſelf had ſuch a care,
Deny'd your wife and made a lie:
O then I pray you let me be,
For I repent of all my ſin;
Do thou but open the gates to me,
And let me quietly come in.
Abra'am went back to Jacob then,
And told his nephew how he ſped,
How that of her nothing he wan,
And that he thought the carling mad.

Then down came Jacob thro' the cloſe,
And ſaid, go backward down to hell:
Jacob, quoth ſhe, I know thy voice,
That gate pertaineth to thy ſell:
Of thy old trumpries I can tell,
Thou with two ſiſters ledd'ſt thy life,
And the third part of theſe tribes twelve,
Thou got with maids beſides thy wife:
And ſtole thy father's benniſon,
Only by fraud thy father frae:
Gave thou not him for veniſon,
A kid, inſtead of baken rae.
Jacob himſelf was tickled ſo,
He went to Lot where he was lying,
And to the gate pray'd him to go,
To ſtaunch the carling of her crying.
Lot ſays, Fair dame make leſs ado,
And come again another day.
Old harlot carle, and drunkard too,
Thou with thine own too daughters lay,
Of thine untimely ſeed, I ſay,
Proceeded never good but ill.
Poor Lot for ſhame, then ſtole away,
And left the wife to knock her ſill.
Meek Moſes then went down at laſt,
To pacify the carling then;
Now dame, ſaid he, knock not ſo faſt,
Your knocking will not let you ben.
Good Sir, ſhe ſaid, I am aghaſt,
When e'er I look you in the face;
If your law until now had laſt,
Then ſurely I had ne'er got grace,

But

But Moſes, Sir, now by your leave,
Although in heaven you're poſſeſt,
For all you ſaw, did not believe,
But you in Horeb once tranſgreſt,
Wherefore, by all it is confeſt,
You but got up the land to ſee,
And in the mount were put to reſt,
Yea buried there, where you did die.

Moſes meekly turned back,
And told his brother Aaron there,
How the old carling did ſo crack,
And in no ways did him forbear.

Then Aaron ſaid, I will not ſwear,
But I'll conjure her as I can,
And I will make her to forbear,
So that ſhe ſhall not rap again.

Then Aaron ſaid, You whoriſh wife,
Go get you gone, and rap no more;
(With idols you have led your life,)
Or then you ſhall repent it ſore.

Good Aaron prieſt, I know you well,
The golden calf you may remember,
Who made the people plagues to ſee,
This is of you recorded ever:
Your prieſthood now is nothing worth,
Chriſt is my only prieſt, and he,
My Lord, that will not keep me forth,
So I'll get in, in ſpite of thee.

Up ſtarted Samſon, at the laſt,
Unto the gate apace came he,
To drive away the wife with ſtrength,
But all in vain, it would not be.

Samſon,

Samſon, quoth ſhe, the world may ſee,
Thou waſt a judge who prov'd unjuſt,
Thoſe gracious gifts which God gave thee,
Thou loſt from thy licentious luſt.
From Dalila, thy wicked wife,
Thy ſecrets chief could'ſt not refrain,
She daily ſought to take thy life,
Thou loſt thy locks and then waſt ſlain.
Tho' thou waſt ſtrong, it was in vain,
Haunting with harlots, here and there.
Then Samſon turned back again,
And with the wife would mell nae mair.

Then ſaid king David knock nae mair,
We are all troubled with your cry.

David, quoth ſhe, how cam'ſt thou there,
Thou might'ſt bide out as well as I:
Thy deeds no ways thou can'ſt deny,
Is not thy ſin far worſe than mine?
Who with Uriah's wife did ly,
And caus'd him to be murder'd ſyne.

Then Judith ſaid, Who's there that knocks,
And to our neighbours give theſe notes?

Madam, ſaid ſhe, let be your mocks,
I came not here for cutting throats:
I am a ſinner full of blots,
Yet through Chriſt's blood I ſhall be clean:
If you and I be judg'd by votes,
The thing you did was worſe than mine.

Then ſaid the ſapient Solomon,
Thou art a ſinner all men ſay,
Therefore our Saviour I ſuppone,
Thee heavenly entrance will deny.

Mind,

Mind, quoth ſhe, thy latter days,
What idol gods thou didſt upſet,
And waſt ſo lewd in Venus' plays,
Thou didſt thy Maker quite forget.
Then Jonas ſaid, Fair dame content you,
If you intend to come to grace,
You muſt dree pennance and repent you,
E'er you can come within this place.
Jonas, quoth ſhe, how ſtands the caſe?
How came you here to be with Chriſt?
How dare you look him in the face?
Conſidering how you broke your tryſt:
To God's errand thou withſtood'ſt him,
And heldſt his counſel in diſdain,
The corby meſſenger thou plaid'ſt him,
And broughtſt no meſſage back again:
With mercy thou waſt not content,
When God the Ninevites did ſpare;
Although the city did repent,
It grieved thee, thy heart was fair:
Let me alone and ſpeak no more,
Go back again unto the whale,
But now my heart is alſo ſore,
But yet I hope I ſhall prevail.
Good Jonas ſaid, Crack on your fill,
For here I may no longer tarry;
Yet knock as long as e'er you will,
And go into a firry, farry.
Jonas, ſhe ſays, ye do miſcarry,
As I have done in former time,
You're not ſaint Peter nor ſaint Mary,
Your blot's as black as ever mine.

So Jonas then he was aſham'd,
Becauſe he was not flyting free,
Of all his faults ſhe had him blam'd,
He left the wife and let her be.
Saint Thomas then, I counſel thee,
Go ſpeak unto yon wicked wife,
She ſhames us all, and as for me,
Her like I never heard in life.
Thomas, then ſaid, you make ſuch ſtrife
When you are out, and meikle din,
If ye were here I'll lay my life,
No peace the ſaints will get within,
It is your trade ſtill to be flyting,
As one who, in a fever, raves,
No marvel though you wives be biting,
Your tongues were made of Aſpen leaves.
Thomas, quoth ſhe, let be your taunts,
You play the pick-thank I perceive,
Tho' you be brother'd 'mong the ſaints,
An unbelieving heart you have;
Thou brought'ſt the Lord unto the grave,
But would'ſt no more with him remain,
And were the laſt of all the lave,
That did believe he roſe again,
There might no doctrine do thee good,
Nor miracles make thee confide,
Till thou beheld Chriſt's wounds and blood
And put thy hand into his ſide:
Didſt thou not daily with him bide,
And ſee the wonders which he wrought?
But bleſt are they who do confide,
And do believe yet ſaw him nought.

Thomas, ſhe ſays, will ye but ſpeer,
If that my ſiſter Magdalen,
Will come to me, if ſhe be here;
For comfort ſure ye give me nane.
He was ſo blyth he turned back,
And thanked God that he was gane;
He had no will to hear her crack,
But told it Mary Magdalen.
When that ſhe heard her ſiſter's mocks,
She went unto the gate with ſpeed:
And aſked her who's there that knocks:
'Tis I the Wife of Beith, indeed.
She ſaid, good miſtreſs, you muſt ſtand,
Till you be try'd by tribulation.
Siſter, quoth ſhe, give me your hand,
Are we not both of one vocation?
It is not through your occupation,
That you are placed ſo divine,
My faith is fixed on Chriſt's paſſion,
My ſoul ſhall be as ſafe as thine.
Then Mary went away in haſte,
The carling made her ſo aſhamed,
She had no will of ſuch a gueſt,
To loſe her pains and ſo be blamed:
Now good ſaint Paul, ſaid Magdalen,
Becauſe you are a learned man,
Go and convince this woman then,
For I have done all that I can:
Sure if ſhe were in hell I doubt;
They would not keep her longer there,
But to the gate would put her out;
And ſend her back to be elſewhere.

Then

Then went the good apoſtle Paul,
To put the wife in better tune.
Waſh of that filth that fyles thy ſaul,
Then ſhall heave'n's gates be open'd ſoon.
Remember Paul, what thou haſt done,
For all th' epiſtles thou didſt compile,
Though now thou ſitteſt up aboon,
Thou perſecuted'ſt Chriſt a while.
Woman, he ſaid, thou art not right,
That which I did, I did not know;
But thou didſt ſin, with all thy might,
Although the preachers did thee ſhow.
Saint Paul, ſhe ſaid, it is not ſo,
I did not know ſo well as ye;
But I will to my Saviour go,
Who will his favour ſhow to me:
You think you are of flyting free,
Becauſe you were wrapt up above,
But yet it was Chriſt's grace to thee,
And matchleſſneſs of his dear love.
Then Paul, ſays ſhe, let Peter come,
If he be lying let him riſe,
To him I will confeſs my ſin,
And let him quickly bring the keys,
Too long I ſtand, he'll let me in,
For why I cannot longer tarry,
Then ſhall ye all be quit of din,
For I muſt ſpeak with good ſaint Mary,
The good apoſtle diſcontent,
Right ſuddenly he did turn back,
For he did very much repent,
To hear the carling proudly crack.

Paul ſays, good brother, now ariſe,
And make an end of all this din;
And if ſo be you have the keys,
Open and let the carling in;
Th' apoſtle Peter roſe at laſt,
And to the gate with ſpeed he hies,
Carling, quoth he, knock not ſo faſt,
You Cumber Mary with your cries.
Peter, ſhe ſaid, let Chriſt ariſe,
And grant me mercy in my need,
For why, I ne'er deny'd him thrice,
As thou thyſelf haſt done indeed.
Thou carling bold, what's that to thee,
I got remiſſion for my ſin;
It coſt many ſad tears to me,
Before I entered here within:
It will not be thy meikle din,
Will cauſe heav'n's gates opened be,
Thou muſt be purified from ſin,
And of all treſpaſſes made free.
Saint Peter then, no thanks to you,
That ſo you were rid of your fears,
It was Chriſt's gracious look, I trow,
That made you weep thoſe precious tears.
The door of mercy is not clos'd,
I may get grace as well as ye,
It is not ſo as ye ſuppos'd,
I will be in, in ſpite of thee.
But wicked wife it is too late,
Thou ſhould have mourned upon earth,
Repentance now is out of date;
It ſhould have been before thy death:

Thou

Thou mighteſt then have turned wrath,
To mercy then, and mercy great,
But now the Lord is very loth,
And all thy cries not worth a jot.
Ah Peter then what ſhall I do,
He will not hear me as I fear,
Shall I deſpair of mercy too!
No, no, I'll truſt in mercy dear:
And if I periſh here I'll ſtay,
And never go from heaven bright;
I'll ever hope but always pray,
Until I get my Saviour's ſight.
I think indeed now you are right,
If ye had faith you could win in;
Importune then with all your might,
Faith is the feet wherewith ye come:
It is the hands will hold him faſt,
But weak faith never may preſume;
'Twill let you ſink and be aghaſt,
Strongly believe or you're undone.
But good ſaint Peter let me be,
Had you ſuch faith, did it abound?
When you did walk upon the ſea,
Were you not likely to be drown'd?
Had not your Saviour helped thee,
Who came and took thee by the hand,
So can my Lord do unto me.
And bring me to the promis'd land,
Is my faith weak? yet he is ſtill,
The ſame and ever ſhall remain;
His mercies laſt, and his good-will,
To bring me to his flock again;

He will me help and me relieve,
And will increaſe my faith alſo;
If weakly I can but believe:
For from this place I'll never go.
But Peter ſaid, how can that be:
How dar'ſt thou look him in the face,
Sure horrid ſinners like to thee,
Can have no courage to get grace;
Here none comes in but they that's ſtout,
And ſuffer'd have for the good cauſe;
Like unto thee are keeped out,
For thou haſt broke all Moſes' laws.
Peter ſhe ſaid, I do appeal,
From Moſes, and from thee alſo,
With him and you I'll not prevail,
But to my Saviour I will go:
Indeed of old you were right ſtout,
When you did cut off Malchus' ear;
But after that ye went about,
And a poor maid then did you fear,
Wherefore ſaint Peter do forbear,
A comforter indeed you're not;
Let me alone I do not fear,
Take home the wiſſel of your groat:
Was it your own, or Paul's good ſword,
When that your courage was ſo keen,
You were right ſtout upon my word,
When you would fain at fiſhing been,
For ere the crowing of the cock,
You did deny your maſter thrice,
For all your ſtoutneſs turn'd a block;
Now flyte no more, if you be wiſe.

Yet

Yet at the laſt the Lord aroſe,
Environed with angels bright,
And to the wife in haſte he goes,
Deſir'd her to paſs out of ſight.
O Lord, quoth ſhe, cauſe do me right,
But not according to my ſin;
Have you not promis'd day and night,
When ſinners knock, to let them in.
He ſaid thou wreſts the ſcripture wrong,
The night is come, thou ſpentſt the day,
In whoredom thou haſt lived long,
And to repent thou didſt delay,
Still my commandments thou abus'd'ſt,
And vice committed'ſt buſily,
Since now my mercy thou refus'd'ſt,
Go down to hell eternally.
O Lord my ſoul doth teſtify,
That I have ſpent my life in vain,
Ah! make a wandering ſheep of me,
And bring me to my flock again.
Think'ſt thou there is no count to crave,
Of all theſe gifts in thee was planted,
I gave thee beauty 'bove the lave,
A pregnant wit thou never wanted.
Maſter, quoth ſhe, it muſt be granted,
My ſins are great, give me contrition:
The forlorn ſon when he repented,
Obtain'd his father's full remmiſſion.
I ſpar'd my judgements many times,
And ſp'ritual paſtors did thee ſend;
But thou renewd'ſt thy former crimes,
Ay more and more me to offend.

My

My Lord, quoth ſhe, I do amend,
Lamenting for my former vice;
The poor thief, at the latter end,
For one word went to Paradiſe.
The thief heard never of my teachings,
My heavenly precepts and my laws;
But thou waſt daily at my preachings,
Both heard and ſaw, and yet miſknaws.
Maſter, quoth ſhe, the ſcripture ſhows,
The Jewiſh woman, who play'd the lown,
Conform unto the Hebrew laws,
Was brought to thee to be put down;
But nevertheleſs thou lett'ſt her go,
And mad'ſt the Phariſees afraid.
Indeed, ſays Chriſt, it was right ſo,
And that my bidding was obey'd,
Woman, he ſaid, I may not caſt,
The children's bread to dogs like thee,
Although my mercies ſtill do laſt,
There's mercy here but none for thee.
But, loving Lord, may I preſume,
Poor worm, that I may ſpeak again,
The dogs for hunger were undone,
And of the crumbs they were right fain.
Grant me one crumb that then doth fall,
From thy bleſt children's table Lord,
That I may be refreſh'd withal,
It will me help enough afford.
The gatés of mercy now are clos'd,
And thou can'ſt hardly enter in;
It is not ſo as thou ſuppos'd,
For thou art deadly ſick in ſin.

'Tis

'Tis true indeed, my Lord moſt meek,
My ſore and ſickneſs I do feel:
Yet thou the lame didſt truly ſeek,
Who lay long at Bethesda's pool,
Of many that thee never ſought,
Like to the poor Samaritan;
Whom thou unto thy fold haſt brought,
Ev'n as thou didſt the widow of Nain;
Moſt Gracious God, didſt thou not bid,
All that are weary come to thee,
Behold I come! even o'erload
With ſin, have mercy upon me.

The iſſues of thy ſoul are great,
Thou art both leprous and unclean,
To be with me thou art not fit,
Go from me then, let me alone.

Let me thy garments once but touch,
My bloody iſſue ſhall be whole,
It will not coſt thee very much,
To ſave a poor diſtreſſed ſoul:
Speak thou the word I ſhall be whole,
One look of thee ſhall do me good,
Save now, good Lord, my ſilly ſoul,
Bought with thine own moſt precious blood.

Let me alone, none of my blood,
Was ever ſhed for ſuch as thee,
It was my mercy patience good,
Which from damnation made thee free.

It is confeſt thou hadſt been juſt,
Altho' thou hadſt condemned me,
But O! thy mercies ſtill do laſt,
To ſave the ſoul that truſts in thee:

Let

t me not then condemned be,
oft humbly, Lord, I thee requeſt,
ſinners all none like to me,
much the more thy praiſe ſhall laſt.
Thy praiſing me is not perfite,
y ſaints ſhall praiſe me evermore;
ſinners I have no delight,
ch ſacrifice, I do abhor.
Then ſhe unto the Lord did ſay,
footſtool of thy grace I'll ly,
veet Lord my God, ſay me not nay,
r if I periſh, here I'll die.
oor ſilly woman, ſpeak no more,
hy faith, poor ſoul, has ſaved thee:
nter thou then into my glore,
nd reſt thro' all eternity.
How ſoon our Saviour theſe words ſaid,
long white robe to her was given:
nd then the angels did her lead,
orthwith within the gates of heaven:
laurel crown, ſet on her head,
angled with rubies and with gold,
bright white palm ſhe always had,
lorious it was for to behold;
er face did ſhine like to the ſun,
ke threads of gold her hair hang down;
er eyes like lamps unto the moon,
f precious ſtones rich was her crown;
ngels and ſaints did welcome her,
he heavenly choir did ſing, rejoice:
ing David with his harp was there:
he ſilver bells made a great noiſe,

Such

Such muſic and ſuch melody,
Was never either heard or ſeen,
When this poor ſaint was plac'd ſo high,
And of all ſins made freely clean:
But then when thus ſhe was poſſeſt,
And looked back on all her fears:
And that ſhe was come to her reſt,
Freed from her ſins, and all her tears,
She from her head did take the crown,
Giving all praiſe to Chriſt on high,
And at his feet ſhe laid it down,
Becauſe the Lamb had made her free.
Now ſhe doth ſing triumphantly,
And ſhall rejoice for evermore,
O'er death and hell victoriouſly,
With laſting pleaſures laid in ſtore.

CONCLUSION.

OF Wife of Beith I make an end,
And do theſe lines with this conclu
Let none their lives in ſin now ſpend,
But watch and pray, be doing good:
Deſpondent ſouls, do not deſpair,
Repent, and ſtill believe in Chriſt,
His mercies which laſt evermore,
Will ſave the ſouls that in him truſt.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 7 JY 74